

466 CANZON\* PART HE N O  
P H I L [? ]

How oft have I, the silver Swan  
commended For that even chesse of  
feather in her wing! So white ! and in  
such decent order placed ! When she,  
the doly Dirge of Death did sing. With  
her young mournful cygnets' train  
attended ! Yet, not because the milk-  
white wings her graced, But when I  
think on my Lady's Waist, Whose ivory  
sides, a snowy shadow gives Of her well-  
ordered ribs, which rise in falling ! How  
oft, the swan I pitied, her death calling,  
With dreary notes ! Not that she so  
short lives, And 'mongst the Muses  
sings for her installing; But that so  
clear a white should be disdained With  
one that for Love's sugared torment  
lives ! And makes that white a plague  
to lovers pained.

O, how oft! how oft did I chide and curse  
The brethren Winds, in their power  
disagreeing! East, for unwholesome  
vapour ! South, for rain ! North, for, by  
snows and whirlwinds, bitter being! I  
loved the West, because it was the  
Nurse Of FLORA's gardens, and to  
CERES' grain 1 Yet, ten times more than  
these, I did curse again! Because they  
are inconstant and unstable In drought  
I in moisture! frosty cold! and heat!  
Here, with a sunny smile ! there,  
stormy threat! Much like my Lady's  
fancies variable ! How oft with feet, did  
I the marble beat ; Harming my feet,  
yet never hurt the stone! Because, like  
her, it was inpenetrable, And her  
heart's nature with **it**, was all one ?

O that my ceaseless sighs and tears were  
able  
To counter charm her heart! to stone  
converted. I might work miracles to  
change again The hard to soft! that it  
might rue my pain.